# THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL.

*Editor and Proprietor.*


For the Lily.

## NO HOME!

No home! no home, the pilgrim said,
I have not where to lay my head;
And sorrow's blasts around me blow,
Alone, I stem the tide of woe.

I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
And happiness has flown away;
The joys of life have faded now,
The frosts of age are on my brow.

Thus mourned the strickened one, when lo!
A gentle whisper soft and slow,
Deep in the soul's unfathomed cell,
Replied, "He doth all things well."

Upon this changeful, varying sphere,
Thou hast no home, nor hopes to cheer
Thy pathway through this vale of tears,
Or guild with hope thy coming years.

But far beyond this shadowy clime,
Beyond the varying scenes of time,
Thou hast a blissful, joyous home,
Where sorrows never, never come.

A home, where strife and anguish cease—
Where all is joy and bliss and peace;
Our Father, God, the boon has given,
And oh! that glorious home is Heaven.

D. G. M.

For the Lily.

## The Nocturnal Visit.

It was an autumnal evening; a fresh breeze swept the "flitting rack of Heaven" over the face of the moon, and its fitful light and dark shadow fell on two girls sitting at the foot of a majestic tree. It was an elm, which formed one of a magnificeat avenue, terminated by an old dilapidated mansion, whose numerous small windows glistened in the moonlight like winking eyes.

"Do you know, Elinor," said the younger of the ladies, glancing up at the home of her companion, "nothing would tempt me to live in that old house, with no companion but an aged woman; and then, too, its reputation of being haunted, although I know it's only a vulgar superstition, would not add to my tranquility ot a dark night.

"I wish," replied her friend, "I had nothing to dread worse than ghosts and goblins."

"Hark,' whispered the first speaker, "did you hear that?"

Along this Avenue was a neglected hedge of dwarf locusts, scrub oaks, brambles and briars, not ornamental, certainly, but opposing an insurmountable barrier to animals, and impenetrable even by the sight.

"I did hear," returned the other, in her usual calm tone, "a rustling of the leaves behind the hedge, but it was probably the wind. However, it is too late to be out indulging romantic fancies by moon light; and if you are the least afraid, I will go home with you."

"No, no, tired as you are, you shall not indulge my folly; but if you will stand at the bars yonder, till I reach our orchard fence, I will shout when I get there, and you'll know all's safe.

She bounded lightly over the bars, aad ran dangling her sun-bonnet in her hand, and soon her clear, musical voice rang out in the still night air like the notes of a wild bird.

Elinor answered in the same key, and then turned slowly toward her own home; but oh what a sad and anxious countenance was that now gazing up to the moon, as if for sympathy or companionship.

"Haunted," she said aloud, "yes the heart is haunted with memories of the past, and fearful visions of the future. That old house is haunted with the ghastly spectre, Poverty! What fiend in the 'dark monarchy more terrible?'"

All was dark and quiet in the old mansion as Elinor entered, and sunk despondingly into a low seat before the half-consumed brands on the hearth, a prey to gloomy reverie. In vain she revolved in her mind some mode of extricating herself from the difficulties that surrounded her.—Want, meagre, inexorable want, or galling dependance, the still more galling alternative, stared her in the face.

"Oh! Heaven," she cried, starting from her seat, "what shall I do? What will become of us?"

As she turned hastily round, her heart gave one bound of fear and astonishment, for standing directly outside the small uncurtained window, was the tall, dark figure of a man. At that moment it glided from the window, the door was slowly opened, and the unbidden visitor entered. He was wrapped in a dark cloak, and from beneath his slouched hat, which he did not remove, Elinor perceived his glittering eyes fixed on her with a singular expression. Surprise and terror kept her silent for a moment, and then endeavoring to steady her voice, she addressed her unwelcome guest,

"We cannot entertain strangers, sir; farther on you will find an inn."

"Ah yes. I know," said the stranger, and he coolly helped himself to a seat, "but in the meantime I will claim your hospitality for a few minutes," the singular mocking tone of his voice being even more disagreeable than his manners; "and the more freely, too," he continued, "as the object of this visit is not wholly for my own benefit."

Elinor hastened to light her only remaining candle, but her mysterious visitor eluded her attempts to scan more nearly his features.

"And now, without further circumlocution, let me proceed to business. You are in very straitened circumstances—in short, ma'am, you need pecuniary aid."

"Who has told you this? To whom have I complained?" cried Elinor, indignantly.

"Don't be angry, young woman," said the stranger, with provoking calmness, "you know there are beings, whether on the earth or under the earth, it matters not, who do not need to be *told* of the affairs of poor humans."

Elinor, in earlier years, had been a devoted student of the mystical, and the marvelous had held her in willing thrall; spell-bound she had pored over the pages of Radcliffe and kindred authors, till she could fancy,

"In each low voice methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls."

The solitude—the lateness of the hour—the recollection of the desperate, almost impious thoughts which had a few moments before agitated her whole being—these circumstances and fancies found an answering chord in her bosom, which thrilled with the almost forgotten emotions of the supernatural. It was but a momentary hallucination. It must be that she was being made the victim of some practical joke, although the staid and qutet character of the neighborhood, even of the whole township, seemed to forbid the superstition.

In one corner of the room stood a substantial oaken staff, used by her infirm mother when she hobbled out to sun herself in the open air. Cautiously Elinor drew near this cane, which, indeed, in stouter hands than hers, might have proved a formidable weapon, and resolved, like all other heroes, to sell her life as dearly as possible, if it came to the worst.

"Now," continued her tormentor, settling himself into an easy attitude, in the large arm chair, "I suppose you recognize the fact that there are circumstances when the assistance of supernatural beings may be invoked, and innocently accepted."

"That depends," said Elinor, in a voice to which anger and fear communicated some trepidation, "on what kind of equivalent these beings 'on the earth or under the earth' demand in return.

"I see," replied her interlocutor, "that you are a true-born yankee, and understand the usual preliminaries of a bargain, and know that one can't have something for nothing; well, then, to come to the point, you also know, I suppose, that Lucifer—Belzebub—Old Nick—(they do give me hard names on this scandalizing planet,) requires as the price of his services, the body and soul of the contracting party!"

"I do know," cried Elinor, whose smothered wrath now burst forth, "that you must leave this house this minute—yes, this minute, or I'll have you put out," she cried, stamping her foot and brandishing her cudgel, forgetting the impossibility of putting her threats in execution.

His satanic majesty burst into explosions of laughter, and throwing off his aloak and dashing his sombrero into a corner, exclaimed,

"Oh! Nelly, put up your bludgeon, if you don't want me to die of laughing—it's the same spunky little Nell I used to teaze, long ago! What, don't you know uncle Lem?"

But before the word was spoken, Elinor had recognized a dear and long absent relative; she rushed forward and threw her arms around his neck, and amid tears and laughter, mutual questions, answers and explanations followed.

"But, uncle Lem, where are you from last?"

"From Valparaiso, via Panama, via New York; from thence on, poking about, to find my little Nelly. I was behind the hedge, and heard your

defiance of old Nick, and the thought came into my head to play off one of my old tricks; will you forgive me, Nelly?"

"I ought to, considering you had very nearly felt the prowess of my arm."

"When I was in L——, I heard that I, Lemuel Warwick, had got rich in South America—it's a great mistake; I always was a thriftless fellow, and I'm not rich."

"I am glad of that, said Elinor, "riches make people hard-hearted; you will sympathize in my troubles, and that's half the battle."

"Oh, but I can do more than that; listen, and I will tell you my plans. Your old neighbor W—— who moved out West, can purchase me an excellent farm in his vicinity; you know his judgment in such matters, is infallible; if you approve I will conclude the bargain forthwith."

"Ch, cried Elinor, it will be a Paradise to me."

Her uncle laughed, "Yes but a Paradise *after* the fall, where we shall have to earn our living by the sweat of our brow; well, now, tell me, about your mother."

"I have been able to supply her wants, hitherto, and have kept her, as far as I could, in blessed ignorance of the worst of my difficulties, tho' sooth to say, I have often gone hungry myself."

"Poor child—well, well, we'll change all that; we'll purchase an easy carriage and remove sister, by easy stages, to her new home."

All was done as arranged. Elinor entered with spirit on her new duties. She was often by her uncle's side in his excursions over the farm, and took a lively interest in all his plans for its improvement—suggesting the reclaiming of a marsh, the drainage of a meadow, or the planting of crops. Arrayed in Bloomer costume, she might be seen at early dawn feeding poultry, or wielding the hoe in the garden. By h·r influence, her uncle's character was greatly elevated. He began to live in earnest and with a purpose, and that purpose was not mere selfish accumulation. In all efforts for the social or moral improvement of their immediate society, the Warwick's were foremost, giving cheerfully their time, means and influence for the establishment of schools, lyceums and benevolent associations. But amid all their new occupations and responsibilities, Elinor and her uncle often enjoyed a laugh at the recollection of the night when he enactrd the part of the Arch Tempter.

Thus one sufferer was rescued from despair, but oh God help the thousands who are at this moment "with no eye to pity, and no created arm to save," ejaculating, "What shall I do? What will become of me?"

LEONIE.

St. Louis, Mo.

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For The Lily:

## EDEN OF LOVE.

BY J. S. GITT.

Some covet the world and its venemous pleasures,
Enjoying their sweets, as among them they rove;
But he that's contented seeks none save treasures,
Arrayed in the paradise—Eden of Love.

'Tis not to be sad when sickness comes o'er us,
And mourn as the turtle laments her lost dove,
But sigh we may well, when the wide world's before us,
And we are cast out from the Eden of Love.

Who envies the worth of the proud monarch's power,
Whose cares are with sorrow and jealousy wove?
Who ne'er tastes the joy of a short fleeting hour,
Passed o'er in the paradise—Eden of Love.

Oh, that old age were a second edition
Of that happy season in which we first move;
And we be permitted in humble submission,
To spend our lives in the Eden of Love.

Oh may the musings of conscience forever,
Our wand'rings on life's winding pathway remove;
That we ne'er attempt from our nature to sever
Those precepts we've learned in the Eden of Love.

New Oxford, Pa., July 26, 1856.

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For The Lily.

## Letter to Jeanne Deroin, Editor of "Woman's Almanac," published in London.

EAGLESWOOD SCHOOL, May 21st.

DEAR FRIEND: For as such I must hail with all the warmth of sisterly affection, one who is laboring for the cause of humanity--laboring to bring about that regeneration of the race, which is to be effected by the intervention of woman, appropriately styled God's last best gift. Your Almanacs for 1853-4 have recently fallen into my hands and I have greatly enjoyed the perusal of them. I fear like almost all our efforts to maintain a periodical, devoted to the elevation of woman, that has failed to receive the support necessary to sustain it. One reason doubtless is that the men hold the purse strings, and rightly so, since by their la bor the purses are chiefly filled, but principally in consequence of the little interest felt by women in this great Reform. If our sex were prepared to prosecute this enterprise in a noble, generous, self-sacrificiug spirit, there would be no difficulty; but that they are not, is too sorrowfully true to admit of a doubt. Progress, as you justly observe, "Progress which is the principle of life and of action—Progress whose onward march nothing cannot arrest, advances painfully through torrents of blood and rivers of tears."

It is manifest that our hardest task is to arouse Women to a sense of their debased condition, to a willingness to shake off the fetters of sloth and self-indulgence, to wake to their fearful responsibilities and offer themselves a willing sacrifice on the altar of Human Rights. Alas! wo is me! for the daughters of my people worship the great goddess of Fashion, and burn incense to the queen of their idolatry, the Parisian milliner and mantau-maker. In vain you look through the ranks of Woman's Rights women to find in their dress a response to the principles they advocate, with few exceptions, they are the followers, if not the devotees of Fashion, and expend as much in the adornment of their persons as women ordinarily do in the middle rank of society; and from this class we almost all emenate. The great question then is, How can we help the women? How turn them from the frivolities which enlist their affections and occupy their time? How touch the cord which will vibrates to the centre of their being and rouse them to that grand ideal of what woman ought to be, what she ought to aspire after, what she is destined to be—that grand ideal of humanity whose glorious outlines can only be filled up by the development of the race.

Hitherto, woman has seemed to expect that the repeal of onerous and disgraceful laws will at once, as by magic, prepare her to enter on new fields of usefulness and duty—so thinking, she doth err. The repeal of every unrighteous statute, cannot do for her the inner work, which must be done ere she can move the lever which will elevate humanity. I do not mean that she is not to labor for the overthrow of unequal laws; but while intent on this object, let her see to it that she is preparing herself to aid in the enactment of such as will be a blessing to the whole world. Let her patiently and wisely study the past; she will see that she has no cause of complaint against her brethren; she, as well as they have, worked out the problem of life according to the development of each, that men have done for us in by-gone ages whar seemed best and wisest for the general welfare. The lower elements of our nature being more largely developed in men, they were greatly out superiors in physical strength, and as everything finds its level, we naturally took that subordinate station which best suited our capabilities of action. This epoch was the reign of animal power; but the exercise of this power unfolded the intellect, because the various means necessary to compass certain ends, improved and strengthened the thinking faculty, called forth ingenui y, set in motion, more or less, all the powers of the mind. Hence we find man in the field of intellect as in the camp and court, the superior of woman, the arbiter of her fate, the framer of the law by which she was governed, and justly so, because in those points first in the order of human developments, man had nearly attained the fulness of strength, while woman was yet in her infancy or in the immaturity of youth. During these stages of human progress, man, notwithstanding the excrescent growth of his animal propensities, exercised a kindly care, a fraternal solicitude to spare woman from those hardships, both physical and mental which he had to endure. Woman has been in all ages the recipient, man the giver. He has been the guardian, she the guarded; even among the savage tribes, this is to some extent true. I am aware there is another side to the picture; the limits of a letter do not permit me to exhibit and descant upon it, and I pass it over the more willingly, because it does not, in my view, materially alter the case.

Another phase of humanity is now before us, and woman, who has been hidden from the public eye, is now summond to the theatre of action.—Let her go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord. She will see the meaning of what the prophet saw, "A great and strong wind passed by and brake the mountain and rent the rock in pieces, but the Lord was not in the wind, and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Jord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice." Man has exhibited on the arena of life the wind, the earthquake, and the fire. He has let loose his strong passions, he has trampled in the dust and ground to powder with the hoofs of his battle horse, the rights of his fellow man; he has caused the mightest kingdom to quail before the breath of his nostrils, to quiver like a reed shaken by the wind; he has swallowed up in his love of supremacy, the sacred distinction between matter and mind, and whelmed all in one common ruin to render mankind subservient to his will. Has man tyrannized over woman more than he has tyrannized over man? Let the army of martyrs answer. Let the thunder of a Luther's voice—.et the dying agonies of Jerome of Prague and John Huss, and million others who testified against the usurpation of tyrants—answer the query. The response will come, like deep answering to deep, reverberating from age to age, proclaiming that man has oppressed man with as much, nay, more severity than he has oppressed woman. And here let me ask if woman has not been a faithful copyist of man, and exercised in her narrow sphere an authority as arbitrary, as imperious as man?

Let us then not blame the past—a past ordained by the changeless laws of God—a past which was necessary to the glorious future, as all the previous stages of the infant and the struggle for birth, are necessary to the production of a perfect child. Let us rather look at the radiant advent before us, the advent not of our Messiah, but the advent of the day foreshadowed by Christ, when the feminine spirit—the spirit of love and of holiness—shall be embodied in the character of woman, and through her the brotherhood—I would rather say the sisterhood—of the race be acknowledged and lived. If woman would do her work in the most perfect manner, she must be the still small voice of God. She can gain no moral victory except she be "endued with power from on high." To prepare her for her mission, what infinite pains has Jehovah taken; He has hid her in the hollow of his hand from the devastating effects of military glory—He has shielded her from the corrupting influence of irresponsible power—He has saved her from the crushing ntellectual efforts which man has been compelled to make in the toilsome and and difficult task of elaborating mind. He has been her forerunner—the John Baptist of humanity. She is now reaping material and intellectual fields she did not sow, and enjoying a rich harvest from those labors in which she did not participate. Gratefully, most gratefully do I recognize the ceaseless labors of man; thankfully do partake of the fruits he has cultivated. In rendering him honor, I feel that I render it where honor is due.

But man has now arrived at a crisis where his powers as a warrior, is nearly useless; when the attainments of intellect, however grand, the discoveries in science, however important, do not fill up the wants of his being, and he longs unspeakably, irrepressiblo for the development of that higher, holier element of his being, his rational or spiritual nature, which will elevate him to the ideal so beautifully describe by the Psalmist, "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; Thou crownest him with glory and honor." If man has been thus gradually ascending in the scale of being.—If the untutored savage has been transformed into

the civilized man; if the warrior has sheathed his sword in accordance with the demand of his higher nature; if the war ship has been changed into the merchant vessel; if all speak of Progress, and the watch-word of the advanced guard of humanity is "Excelsior," has not woman shared in the general improvement? Has she not risen in intelligence and virtue? Is not her conception of "Woman as she should be," broadened and elevated? Is there not in her heart a responsive thrill to the voice which is calling the race to Progress, to Liberty, to Equality? Who can doubt it? The same divine hand which so long shrouded her in the secret of Jehovah's pavilion, has sustained her through every refining process, and although the furnace has oftimes been heated seven times hotter, He has ever been near to save the pure gold; and now that he He begins to see his image reflected in the molten metal, He rejoices and is preparing to take it from the crucible and coin, and stamp, and circulate it through the social mass. The sufferings of woman, her trials, her baptisms, are whelmed in the Lethean tide. The world can never know, except through inference, the dangers and the darkness of the path she has trodden; but the discipline has not been lost upon her, it was exactly what she needed to prepare her to usher in the day when LOVE will reign, when woman, having none but righteous ends to gain, she will compass them by the power of Philosophy, by the influence which her Christ-like spirit will shed around her. Let her then labor courageously, incessantly, to redeem herself that she may be worthy to aid in redeeming her brethren. Thus far the history of man has been written in blood, the history of woman in tears. Let their combined history be all radient with deeds of benevolence, LOVE and UNITY. SARAH M. GRIMKE.

EFFECTS OF COLOR UPON HEALTH.—From several y ars' observation in manufacturing rooms, occupied by females for twenty hours per day, says a correspondent of the London (Eng.) *Builder*, I found that the workers who occupied those rooms which had large windows, with large panes of glass, in the four sides of the room, so that the sun's rays penetrated through the room during the whole day, were much more healthy than the workers who occupied rooms lighted from one side only, or rooms lighted through very small panes of glass. I observed another very singular fact, viz: that the workers who occupied one room were very cheerful and healthy, while the occupiers of another similar room, who were employed on the same kind of work were all inclined to melancholy, and complained of pains in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work. Upon examining the rooms is question, I found they were both equally well ventilated and lignted. I could not discover anything about the drainage of the premises that could effect the one room more than the other; but I observ ed that the room occupied by the cheerful workers white-washed, and the room occupied by the melancholy workers was colored with yellow ochre. I had the yellow ochre all washed off, and the walls and ceilings whitewashed. The workers ever after felt more cheerful and healthy. After making this discovery I extended my observations to a number of smaller rooms and garrets, and found, without exception, that the occupiers of white rooms were much more health than the occupiers of the yellow or buff-colored rooms; and wherever I succeeded in inducing the yellow rooms to change the color for whitewash, I always found a corresponding improvement in the health and spirits of the occupiers. From these observations, I would respectfullo drop a hint to the authorities of schools, asylums, and hospitals, to eschew yellow, buff, or anything approaching to yellow, as the grand color of the interior of their building.

## A Reminescence.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

I have always thought that it was a peculiarity of woman's nature to love little babies, and that a man was incapable of feeling the yearnings, the longings, the keen sensations of anxiety and solicitude, and the deep unutterable affections which thrill a woman's heart in the relations of a parent I am now convinced that is not so—that the fact that women most frequently enjoy (that is precisely the word I would use, *enjoy,*) such exquisite sensations of feeling, is due rather to their being favored in the arrangements of Nature, as in the customs of Society, with a more direct and frequent contact with little children; and that too, under circumstances calculated to engender, cultivate, and develope such peculiarly tender regards as are essential to such feelings.

In the days of my ignorance I have wondered at the uncomplaining patience, the untiring perseverance, and more especially the invariable and touching tenderness, manifested by mothers in watching over, waiting upon, and caressing their sick and suffering children. But I wonder no longer. It is all plain to me now. My own rough and rugged nature has been submitted to a trial, under which it has softened and melted like wax in the sunbeams. My man's heart has been galvanized by influences of the very existence of which I had never dreamed. Even the remembrance of that to which I allude causes a tingling in my veins, and a warm glow of pleasurable feeling to spread itself over any whole being now while I write.

I was alone (no matter why) with a sick and suffering babe. There was none to care for it but me! A burning fever was throbbing in its tiny veins, and it was very restless. A distressing cough ever and anon convulsed its little frame.—Now it would dose for a few minutes, then wake, coughing, and stretch out its little hands to be raised up. It could say but a very few words intelligibly, among which were those of 'Papa!' and "Drink!" During the silent hours of several nights I watched over alone and nursed that little one. As the paroxysm of pain and suffering came on it would raise its eyes to mine imploringly, and though the brightness of those little orbs was dimned by the scorching fever, each glance shot through me like electricity. When the fits of coughing were over it would put up its little velvet hand and pat my cheek fondly, as it repeated that word, "Papa!" (which I had never known the power of till then, though it had been addressed to me for many years under other circumstances) and then 'twould reach up its little mouth and with hot, burning lips, press a soft grateful kiss upon my cheek or mouth, and sink back agaid murmuring *papa! papa!* in tones that waked every sensibility of my soul. Oh! never, never! can I forget the experience of my heart at such times. I cannot call it joy, for I was sad and sorrowful in spirit, my eyes were filled with tears, and my bosom heaved with intense anxiety; but with all this there was mingled a new and indescribable feeling—a kind of consciousness of something elevating, refining, ennobling. Once the thought occurred to me that I was a man and that there was an incongruity betwcen my man's nature and such an occupation—but I looked upon the little darling as it nestled confidingly in my bosom, and felt in my inmost soul, that rather than put it from me I could die! Aye, worse, could live and suffer a world's scorn! I clasped it yet closer to my heart; and, rising, paced the silent room. At length it slept soundly. I dimmid the light burning in the room—shaded its beams from the face of the little sleeper whom I had laid in its cradle—crept stealthily about arranging the medicines, the cups which held its drink and food, &c., then sat me down and watched its breathing with all a Mother's solitude pressing upon my heart—gently I lifted a little arm, which seemed in an uncomfortable position, and pushed the feathers of the pillow towards it—parted carefully the hair upon its lovely brow—found it moist and wiped it with a lightness and tenderness of touch which reminded me of my own dear mother's hands, now mouldering in silent dust.—I knelt beside the cradle—gazed long and earnestly upon its mild and placid countenance—stooped and kissed its forehead, its little hands and arms; a tide of emotions was swelling in my bosom which I cannot describe! My heart was full almost to bursting. I was afraid to sob lest I should wake the babe from its slumbers, but hot tears were coursing down my cheeks as I raised my heart to God, and inwardly prayed as I had never before prayed for His blessing to rest upon my little darling babe. I rose from my knees and stood beside another bed in the room, on which were resting the sleeping forms of three of my older children; never before had they seemed so dear tc me—never before had my heart yearned over them as it did then, and since; as often as I think of those watchings by that cradle side, my bosom swells with a new and strong affection for my children. We hear much of the heart-wasting and consuming effects on woman of a Mother's duties—I doubt not they are all they seem. But has not the Great Creator provided a compensating source of energy to a wo man's heart in a Mother's Privileges? If by the performance of a woman's for a short time, feeling such as I have described are warked in the bosom of a man. Who can estimate the power of a lifelong service in the blest employ? If in the hard, uncultivated soil of a man's emotional nature, such sweet and fragrant flowers may grow—what must be the clustering fruitfulness, the glowing beauty and the heavenly incense, of those produced in the mellow, rich, and prepared soil of a woman's heart. Let not the mother complain of her lot in life. In this as in all else, "*He who doeth all things well*" has "set one thing over against another," in a way, and to an extent, whice will fully vindicate alike His goodness.

## Rest for the Weary.

BY IVY STARR.

Oh welcome, welcome messenger! Fold up the weary hands over the still more weary heart; smooth out the care-graved wrinkles from the pallid face; shroud the motionless body in its white grave-clothes, and lay it away to its eternal sleep; its work is finished, henceforth it may rest.

The spirit has passed away. It lingered on the boundary line, wrestling with the last of earth; it looked back upon the long, dull years of pain and trouble, and forward to the quiet rest, the manifold blessings of Heaven, and rejoicingly it passed away to its long looked for rest.

Why do I look up so yearningly to the blue sky above, longing to rise beyond the cares of life?—Why do I faint on the way, when the path is hard for my tender feet to tread? Will not the promised rest be sweeter when earned? Shall I not look back and smile at the briars my feet have trod?

"Rest—for the weary rest,
For the tired ones of earth."

Oh, Father in Heaven! only give to me at last that rest, and cheerfully will I toil on, till thou seest fit to call me home.

For The Lily.

## Lily---A Fragment.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

A meek-eyed maiden, young and fair—
A moss rose gleaming in her hair,
Her pale hands folded on her breast
In attitude of holy rest;
Thus, thus comes LILY unto me,
In hours of quiet reverie.

Three spring-times now have come and gone
Since LILY sought the fatal bourne;
As goes the dew-drop at the dawn—
As the pale primrose at the morn
Folds up her face, she fell asleep,
And left me here alone to weep.

But when in reverie I stand,
In mine is clasped her gentle hand;
Her eyes look loving looks in mine,
And in my ear her tone divine
Falls like the murmur of a strain
From angel lips on glory's plain.

Harlem, N. Y.

# THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., AUGUST 15, 1856.


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Philena Wilson, L. F. Whitenger, A. M. Hill, Susan D. Farmer, Emi B. Swank, H. Cornell, S. Hedge, Ella Franklin, Eliza Harrison, Elizabeth Loder, A. Russell, Eunice Bond, E. Cole, Sallie E. Pennock, J. V. V. Hull, Mary B. Deen, 2, R. B. Warren, L. E. B. M. Bristol.

### FRIENDLY LETTERS.

Little do our kind friends dream of the pleasure their friendly letters give us. How they lend renewed strength and brace the spirit anew for the contest. Those who are faint with fear lest our cause have few friends, need but to see our cheering letters from all quarters, expressive of abiding interest, hope and faithfulness, and promise of future activity, to reassure them that the Woman's movement is upward and onward. Fresh hands and strong hearts come every day, to add vigor and life, and every phase of ability, to forward the work. Many of these have been made to feel the need of woman's independence, and drained to the dregs the bitter fruits of her lamentable dependence. Many, very many, have suffered sadly, deeply suffered, from the unjust and unequal property qualifications, in their varied applications; some have drank deeply of the bitterness of domestic trials and tyranny, which come from the attempt to nullify woman's existence, and crush from her soul the possibility of proper successful aspirations, and the effloresence of harmonic growth of genius. Many in social life feel the cold iron of bitter tyranny, and alas! how many have to mourn and mourn again that in their education they have been taught nothing—nothing. And not a few are attracted to our ranks by their love and admiration of the genuine right embodied in the principles we advocate, and see as the great first step, the foundation stone, the recognizance of woman's individuality, and her right to aid in forming laws to which she is amenable, and under which she is subject.

To all we tender our heartfelt thanks, and propose by renewed devotion to The Lily, to make it still more and more worthy your patronage and encouragement. For your personal friendship we can but feel sensitively, tenderly your kindnesses. These will we cherish in our heart of hearts, and they shall make us strong and happy.

### Woman's Philanthropy.

"It is impossible for Woman to be philanthropic," say they who, from some peculiar unfortunate mental characteristic, conceive it to be their proper privilege to define woman's capability and career, and execute their will and way, acceptable or not acceptable.

But a truer philosophy is in the words of that inimitable analyzer of human nature, Jean Paul Richter: "Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills."

Woman, generally, does not appreciate, how in the Literature, and very decernable in that made *for* her, is her humanity denied her, her individualism dethroned, her capacity insulted, her genius and love circumscribed. And so gradually has this species of education moulded the warp and woof of her life, that she can scarcely arouse herself to bring into her heart, the feeling that she has the vital spark within the "human frame divine." But, now, that she has become so developed as to exemplify that noble axiom, "who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," we will see when the shackles that hang heavily on body and soul, are removed; when she, when all the human race, believe in unlimited investigation, in the discovery of new truth and everything beautiful in the everlasting growth of mind, in never-ending progression, how she can, not only love one being purely and warmly, but love and aid and dignify, in the truest philanthropic manner, her whole race. We need not mention any of the many, very many noble-minded of our sex, who have not only achieved holy, and excellent, and effective characters for themselves, having a view too high to be hindered or controlled by the shackles and tyrannies of false customs and teachings, but have devoted their lives to philanthropic deeds. Each of our reader will have a host of such in their own memory for reference.

But it can be only those who have eminently strength of Character and Will, who can withstand the disadvantages which encumber woman. So long as her position in social life is one of dependence, and her civil existence such a nullity, her whole affections, her whole nature must be according to her governed condition, and craven fear and cunning and *management* be largely developed in her nature. "Perfect love casteth out slavish fear"—it will have no compromise with it; and when the self-sacrificing labors for woman's elevation shall be crowned with success, and her honored introduction into every division or interest of life—into the avenunes of liberal education, into any industrial persuit, in society and government—shall be achieved, we will see how grandly she will mould selfishness into humaniatarian ends and make for earth a harmony and peace undreamed of.

### YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

"The world is a picture both gloomy and bright,
And grief is the shadow and pleasure the light,
And neither should smother the general tone,
For where were the other if either were flown."

Come, I am sad. Thoughts go wandering o'er the earth, gathering bits of gloom as though to make a mantle, suiting our ill mood, or may be to make a scrap book of the pains of life. The love pulse is heavy in the heart—a good ANGEL'S WING is needed to stir its moody depths, and give us joy life.

So many wrongs hang their motley curses around us—a plague of wrong and outrage is rife amid our land. Man abhors his neighbor's genius—sits in judgment on his individualism, and condemns the glorious thought-freedom that makes our mental world so grand and beautiful. He will not see the wise Providence in the diversity of gifts and mind, the very soul of social life, but would hang a shackle on all different from himself. What an idea of *punishing* we have! Our Justice, our Charity, our Forbearance are too little exercised. We cry, vengeance is OURS, and that the "rod" is sufficient without the "staff." But that the seeds of beauty lie embedded in every bit of earth or sod, man would blot from it every flower, and tree and occupation that brought him neither money nor means of war. 'Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn." Sweeping the earth with his dictatorial rule, he asks, "does it serve me."

To-day the sun arose cheerily, decking the earth with brightness and beauty. Gently steals the soft light into every nook, courting the life in every thing. The fresh air is laden with the sweets of health, and joy spontaneously rises in the soul, and

"Like a fountain sparkling from the earth,
Bursts bubbling from the breast the melody of mirth."

We cannot be too thankful for the happiness and peace that comes reflected to our hearts, nor for that feeling of conscious rectitude and good will that rise within, giving us a firm tread and a bright eye. It is not that the world is brighter than yesterday. Some untoward word or look pressed upon our heart, and we rather invited the sad guest to our heart-chamber. We rallied not our best efforts—we drew not up the will-power to throw back the invading enemy, and give back bright for sad. But this shall teach us strength. Too much good lies deep in humanity's heart—too much beauty in action and effort, too much recompense in good deeds, for us to waste our energies in inglorious repinings.

There is a cheerfulness nature teaches, as also an unceasing activity nicely applicable to our needs. To-day we are rich in good thoughts and feelings, and we will strive to cultivate that steady, consistent sentiment that is more willing to harbor the good than carp at what we do not like.

☞ We respectfully call the attention of the Richmond people, and those in the vicinity, to the medical card of Drs. Owen and Mary F. Thomas, now residents with us. We feel abundantly satisfied that those who call upon them will find able, well qualified and prompt practitioners, and cheerful, kind and faithful friends and sympathizers.

HOW TO BATHE ON SUMMER'S DAY.—Many erroneous notions prevail respecting the use and properties of the warm bath. To many persons, the submersion in water, on a summer's day, would be prosperous; but if it be rationally considered, it will be found that the warm bath may be taken with equal, perhaps greater benefit in the summer than in the winter. During hot weather, the secretions in the skin are much increased in quantity, and consequently a greater necessity exists that it should be kept perfectly free from obstructions. Another prevailing error respecting the warm bath is that it tends to relax and enervate the body; for experience has sufficiently proved the fallacy of the opinion, and many physicians have prescribed its use to patients laboring under debility from disease, none of whom experience such effects, but have all felt invigorated, and mostly restored to health and strength. Many persons are deterred from using the warm bath, especially in winter, from the fear of catching cold; but this fear is groundless, for it has been found that the warm bath, by increasing the circulation on the surface of the body, renders it more capable of withstanding the effect of cold than it otherwise would have been.

Do not omit, you who would health secure,
The daily fresh ablution, then shall clear
The sluices of the skin; enough to keep
The body secret from its indecent soil.
Still to be pure, even did it not conduce
As much as it does to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains; 'tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worst foe.
With this external virtue, age maintains
A decent grace; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome.

For The Lily.

**Letter From Mrs. Gage.**

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL:—I have had my pen pois'd a half dozen times to write you; but each time the lassitude incidental to an atmosphere ranging from ninety to an hundred and two; compelled me to lay it down with the task unfinished. Your readers have a right to my best thoughts and most earnest feelings; and I would not oppress them with the ennui which seemed to hang over my spirit, and which I feared might drop from the point of my pen.

But these are stirring times. Every true American, (and I claim to be an American citizen; altho' without the privileges of one.) should be wide awake and burning with the fire of patriotism, ready to aid in the reforms of the day in every possible way and manner.—Intemperance still shakes its trembling skeleton hands at us, and glares upon us its blood-shot eyes, and pours out the fearful curses from its thick and burning tongue. But yesterday—aye but yesterday, as I returned from market, at the sweet, calm sunrise hour—I discovered the form of a woman prostrate by the road-side. I got out of my Rockaway and went to her. There in the dirt, with her face half burried in the sand, was the wreck of a once beautiful girl. She was weeping hysterically; I asked her if she were sick. She replied that she was.

"Why do you lay here? Why not get up and go into some near house, where you can find relief."

"She had tried," was her answer, "and no one would take her in."

Alas! her breath and her tongue, and eye, told the tale of a midnight revel; of sin and shame that the pen may not portray. What was to be done? "Would she go with me," "No;" "Would she allow me to call help," "No." "I can't leave you here in the street." She burst into a fit of weeping, but would not stir. Just then a policeman came and had her taken to the hospital, at my request; and this sight in a christian city where church spires point to heaven at almost every corner, and this in a city where the wisest of our men licence the grog shops by the thousands; and was this sight strange or more appalling than common? certainly not; and I only mention it because it is fresh in my mind. What are the women of this country, as a mass, doing to put away this evil—what to stay the tide that is sweeping with sure force its thousands of victims to destruction.

A fashionable lady, with four flounces, a hooped skirt and a basket of flowers on her hand, said to another fashionable lady, dressed in like manner: "O. we had such a delightful day, yesterday at——, Mrs. B——, Mrs. C——, Mrs. D——, P——, A——, and myself had a *delightful* lunch at eleven, of rich, warm pound-cake and mint julep; O, it was delicious! Then for dinner we had every thing nice that you could think of, and ice cream and wine to top off with."

"Oh! yes," chimed in a little girl of eleven, "we had wine and mint julep and brandy, and Annie got so tipsey she could not play the piano, and she just went fast asleep. O, I never had so much fun."

"I wish you had been there," resumed the first speaker, "we every one got *pretty near high*. But we are suffering for it to day. I can hardly hold my head up, and Mrs. P's sick in bed. But we are all going again next week; wont you go? we will be better used to it next time."

And this conversation passed between ladies of the so called "good society;" members of a church, and in the presence of young boys or rather young men, as in this age they would be called.

What are such women doing to better the world, and the two classes that I have mentioned? How far are they apart in morality? Which is worst, the poor abandoned child of sin and shame, (perchance the victim of designing knaves,) of poverty, want and temptation, prostrate by the road-side; or she the child of wealth, of high moral training, who for a day's enjoyment could violate her womanhood, and drink and eat till she laid herself on a sick bed?

Will the young men feel constrained to apply the injunction to themselves, "Look not upon the wine when it is red," if ladies, mothers, church members, thus boast of a days spree, of gluttony and drinking as a delightful episode in life!

What are the women doing to move that great lever, public opinion, in the direction of liberty and equality for the children of God. What are they doing for themselves—what for the oppressed and down-trodden?—I sometimes feel in my soul that I scarce know which most to pity; the votary of fashion, folly and prejudice, hand bound and foot bound by conventionalisms, giving her whole life to her idols and hugging her chains of gold, wreathed with flowers, which are wearing away the roses from her cheeks, the light from her eyes and the strength from her nerves, and muscles. But who still declares that "I have rights enough—I am happy and would not for the world change my position" or she the dark bound victim of oppression, who longs for freedom, and weeps away the tedious night hours, hugging to her heart the child of love, who is only hers by the tenure of a master's will, and in whose ears the death knell of hope is ever ringing the soul-crushing words, "a slave for life; thou and thy children and thy children's children." For so has man laid the curse on the slave mother's heart.

What are women doing to evert the doom which awaits their sisters in Kansas—to turn aside the powerful fate of Slavery, which would be a Pandora Box of evils poured upon that beautiful land; what to allay the feelings of strife and bitterness which may lead to civil war, and send forth over our mountains and valleys, our hill sides and prairies, the wail of woe and bereavement, from the widow and orphan.

Is there not womanly influence enough, if thrown upon the side of humanity, to turn the scale? Where are the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters now, while Freedom shrieks for help—or if they would but forget, fashion, frivolity—and pausing to think, and thinking, rosolve to speak and act, could they not have power to still the troubled waters.—Not alone; no, no, I claim for them no power to accomplish the Herculion task alone. But when a Battle is almost won, a small force fresh, earnest, and resolute will decide the fortunes of the day.

Every true feeling philanthropist, every lover of humanity, every honest believer in Christ and the great doctrines of justice and equality that he tsught, is now arrayed against those wrongs; Slavery, intemperance, and civil war. While thousands, aye, almost millions, from force of circumstances, stand ready to be influenced to the right or to the wrong—yet every such man, however feeble, carries a vote to the ballot box as powerful for good or ill, as the wisest or the meanest. To turn such to the aid of justice and mercy, to temperance and right, in numbers sufficient to conquer the fiery elements of discord, and to nip in the bid the mighty schemes of iniquity; might be accomplished by our women. Will they, can they be aroused, or is the languor of their effeminate lives so heavily upon them that the earthquake of revolution alone can awake them to a consciousness that they in common with manhood, were born for action and for usefulness.

Would to heaven, my voice could reach every woman's ear and pierce every woman's heart that holds her position in life where she may give out influence to those around her.—I would cry aloud in the language of Isaih, "Rise up ye women that are at ease. Hear my voice ye careless daughters—give ear unto my speech."—ISAIH.

"Many days and years shall ye be troubled ye careless women, if ye rise not up now to your duty and put afar off the evils that crush the heart of suffering ones—who have been made bondmen and bondwomen to the law and to passion and sin. Tremble, oh, ye women that are at ease, and be troubled ye careless ones."—ISAIH.

Up and be doing in this righteour cause; that the blessing of the prophet may fall upon you

"For the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."—ISAIH, 82d, 9, 11, 17.

Yours, FRANCES D. GAGE.

St. Lous, Mo.

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For The Lily.

## Stray Leaves from the Note Book of a Lecturer.

CHAPTER III.

Aside from the irregularity of meals, and the general disarrangement and neglect of all her domestic affairs, Phebe grew peevish and petulant, and on the return of her husband from his business intercourse with the outer world, instead of kisses and caresses, saluted him with complaints and upbraidings. And Mr. G. Washington Pillsbury, who before marriage had indulged a thousand foolish visions of domestic happiness, which none ever enjoy, and being withal a man of narrow intellect and contracted views, made no allowance for the deficiency of her education—no provision for her comfort and instruction—no efforts to assuage her querulousness, but censured without reason, and reproached without mercy. As would naturally be expected, an estrangement of that sympathy which led to their union, speedily followed, and the breach daily increasing, at the end of the seventh month they were forever separated.

But this brief history, especially designed to illustrate that pernicious love which is the inevitable consequence of the present mode of female education, will also serve, in some measure, as a representation of the life of every woman of fashion. Of course all do not enjoy the same advantages and experience the same reverses; all do not marry popinjays at fifteen, and in a few months thereafter forsake them forever; all do not have a father's house for a refuge, and if even so disposed, cannot separate from their husbands at pleasure, but all are educated in the same manner, and by reason of the mischievous notions inculcated in their infancy, are forever unfitted for that heartfelt love which is our highest earthly enjoyment.

Call to recollection your numerous acquaintances who have been reared in this manner, and impressed with these false notions, and answer in your own minds the question, how many of them are truly happy? I know if you were permitted to speak your own thoughts, your answer would be not one, unless the errors of early instruction have been eradicated. At least this would be a truthful answer, else how is it that so many who, to all appearances, were most tenderly attached to each other, have quarreled before the expiration of the first week of matrimonial existence? How

is it else that so many who have floated quietly down with the current of the swift honey-moon, have no sooner reached the boundless sea of nuptial love, than the stomach of congeniality is agitated by the waves of discord and disappointment, and compelled to disgorge all the delicious dainties of sentiment, which were received at the dinner of courtship, and during the remainder of the voyage of life, obliged to digest daily duties that nothing but free love can render agreeable?

Nor is it only women of fashion who encounter squalls, shoals and shipwrecks in the voyage of life. These exert an influence over all other classes of society, and the mischievous effects of their example, are everywhere discoverable in the numerous wrecks of female happiness that float about upon the great sea of human existence. The extent of this influence is not the same under all circumstances, and for the very obvious reason that all are not in a pecuniary condition to follow their entire example. But in so far as they can, they do imitate, and in so far as they imitate, they experience the same conseqnences. All cannot spend their precious hours in idleness and vanity, but all can marry a fop or a simpleton, and not a few are induced to take this irretrievable step from no other reason than because it had been done by Phebe Phillips, or some other well known woman of fashion.

Of course there are many exceptions among those who toil with their hands and brains for the sustenance of life—those who are commonly called the middle classes, because they occupy a mean distance between that affluence which begets idleness, and that idleness which begets poverty.—Among these there are many who entertain a womanly disgust for all those pernicious practices to which I have alluded, and would rather live out their appointed time in "maiden meditation fancy free," than embitter their brief existence with unhappy wedlock. And even in the lofty regions of upper-tendom, a mountainous country that reason and common sense never explored, there are some women willing to descend to the fertile valleys of thought, and slake their thirst at the fountain of knowledge. And this is not only true of woman, but of men; not of men "who never had a dozen thoughts in all their lives," but of those who have natural endowments that will not be content with the shallow requirements of fashion.

To illustrate that every day love which is the inevitable consequence of the present deleterious system of female education, I have related to you so much of the biography of a woman of fashion as was necessary for that purpose. Permit me now to elucidate that genuine love of the heart, which is the legitimate result of the inculcation of truthful sentiments, by the narration of a few striking incidents which belong to the history of the same family.

Paul Philips, whom we lost sight of on his way to the frozen pond, in the course of time attained his full stature and majority. In his infancy he was exceedingly fond of athletic sports, and by their requent indulgence, laid the foundation for a vigorous manhood. As he advanced in life, he manifested a similar fondness for books, which his parents witnessed with delight. At an early age he was placed at school, and every possible pains taken with his education, that it might be such as would enable him, with the superior talents they believed him to possess, to win his way to distinction. After he had graduated, he engaged in the study of the legal profession, and having pursued the accustomed course, was licensed to practice.

In the course of his professional career, a young lady became his client, seeking to recover some portion of her father's large estate, which had become entangled during his lifetime, and a forfeiture in consequence of his sudden decease, leaving her in a state of absolute destitution. To avoid the consequence of her deplorable situation, she bound herself to learn the art of millinery, and at the time she sought Paul's services, was conducting a respectable business. No part of the fortune was ever recovered, but the confidential conferences that preceded the attempt, led to the mutual discovery of a congeniality of tastes and sympathies, which in spite of elder Philips' threatened anathemas, resulted in the marriage of Paul and the milliner.

In the estimation of his purse-proud parents, so great was the ignominy of this connection, that Paul was at once discarded and disowned, and Phebe Pillsbury, who had returned to her father's house, and instituted a suit against her husband for divorce, dismissed her brother, and retained other counsel. Fortunately for Paul, he had received a practical education and his mind was far above the reach of their petty malice. By his industry and talents he rose rapidly in his profession, and with the honors came the profits, so that a few years of successful toil enabled him to retire from business with a handsome competency.

Shortly after this last event, by one of those casualties which business men often experience, his father sustained many heavy losses, by which he became deeply involved. For a time he struggled manfully against the tide of adversity, but with every succeeding swell its strength increased, and he was finally overwhelmed in irretrievable bankruptcy. But no sooner was his ruin complete than the discarded son threw open his doors for the reception of his parents and sister; and they were welcomed by his angel wife, with a daughter and sister's affection.

These circumstances elucidate both the exceptions to which I have alluded. In Paul Phillips we have an instance of that manly independence which prefers the bliss of domestic happiness to the fawning, fulsome adulation of the sycophantic society with which we are surrounded. And in his wife we have an example of that virtuous courage, so noble in itself, and so exalted in its purpose, which scorns the narrow minded conventionalisms of the present social system, and in a laudable undertaking endeavors to obtain the means of an honest livelihood.

It would have been an easy matter for Paul Phillips to have maintained his high position in the world of fashion, and to have wed the reigning belle in the zenith of her glory—or for the bankrupt's daughter to turn away from honest industry to which she was a stranger, and cast herself into the awful abyss of luxurious dissipation.—How many young men, born and reared amid the evil influences of fashionable life have chosen belles for their wives, and parasites for their associates, and lived a life of indescribable misery.—And how many young women, born to ease and affluence, but suddenly bereft of both, have been driven by the force of early impressions, to prefer the infamy of prostitution to the nobleness of manual employment. But from these deplorable consequences, Paul and his wife were saved by the overpowering influence of a proper education.

For The Lily.

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

The love of God, when genuine and warm, will set itself in opposition to every species of bigotry and intolerance, and also to every little jealous feeling and animosity which have so long distracted the Christian Church; also thrown an odium on its character, and prevented the affectionate fellowship of the followers of Jesus Christ, the PRINCE OF PEACE.

The true love of God will make every reasonable sacrifice, will use every appropriate means to heal the unhappy divisions which exist in the religious world, and to promote an affectionate union of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, desiring that the Church may form one harmonious compact in opposition to atheists, skeptics, and the men of the world; that no plan and effort to spread the principles of the word of God throughout the habitable globe, be left untried. That this may also be done the more effectually and speedily, all sectarian feeling and action must be done away, which is out of the bond of Godly love and universal charity. Before the dawn of the glorious millennium day, the herald of the Cross of Christ will yet have to stammer and learn their first lesson of "God is love;" and "by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another."

J. S. G.

New Oxford, Pa., July, 1856.

For The Lily.

## Let her Try.

Yes, "let her try," that's all women ask of you, who are so solicitous lest she shall "overstep the modesty of nature. "Let her try," and teach herself and others, what, and how much she can accomplish. If the business walks of life attract her, don't tell her she'll stumble in them, but let her try to tread them. If the pulpit, rostrum, or even the stump invites her, don't tell her 'tis a shame for a woman to speak in public, but "let her try' to make her voice heard. If "proud science tempts her soul to stray, far as the solar walk or milky way," don't clip her pinions, but "let her try" to soar. If the steep upon whose lofty summit "Fame's fair temple shines" allumes her, don't tell her that her step will falter, but "let her try" to reach its portals. If, in short, she chooses at any time to step beyond the track beaten for hern, do't push her back, and tell her she'll lose her way in those mysterious labyrinths, but "let her try" to thread them. Whatever and wherever a work attracts woman, let her try to accomplish it, don't tell her she cant, but "let her try" to do it, and if she does it well, 'tis well she does it.

Our physical natures gain strength and firmness by exercise, and so it may be with our mental capacities. Then "let woman try;" open to her the numerous avenues wherein her brother steps so proudly, and she does not ask him to support her, only not to throw stumbling stones in her way, and try "lions" at every turn, and to "let her try" to walk by his side.

"Let woman try," then, in whatever field of action she will, and if she fails once, twice or even the seventh time, and then succeeds, you must confess that her primary want of success arose from defective education and inertia of, rather than from lack of ability. But if in all and every attempt she succeeds not, then she will receive it as a signal that she is designed only for the most "private paths," and "minor duties" of domestic life.

LIZZIE LEIGH.

Providence, R. I.

For The Lily.

MRS. EDITOR:—It was very still times here the 4th, but the roaring of cannon indicated that they were holding celebrations in several adjoining towns. I hardly know what they were celebrating—if our Nation's independence, it was only a mockery. Methinks it would better have befitted the occasion if it had been an alarm invoking the lovers of freedom to fly and avenge the wrongs of Kansas. It reminds me of Josiah Quincy's reply, when solicited to attend a Unitarian Festival; he said: "my mind is in no state to receive pleasure from social scenes. I can think or speak of nothing but of the outrages of slaveholders at Kansas, and the outrages of slaveholders at Washington—outrages which, if not met in the spirit of our fathers of the Revolution (I see no signs that they will be) our liberties are but a name, and our Union proved a curse." Yes, they had better array their flag in mourning, and light their torches at the funeral pile of the martyrs for freedom in Kansas. I am no friend of war; but if it was ever justifiable, it is at the present crisis. For here in this land that is styled the most enlightened and intelligent on the globe, are committed deeds of the most debasing infamy—and sanctioned, too, by "law." Oh! can this be man, created in the image of his Maker? Surely this is an era unparalleled in the world's history!

Every week brings intelligence of fresh outrages in Kansas, which many pro-slavery people will not believe. But according to the report of the committee, a half has never yet been told. Like Scotland under the usurped authority of Edward, king of England; her inhabitants have been murdered—her houses deserted—her property plundered—her fields deserted—her productions of art and genius destroyed, and her cities lain in smouldering ruins. Women till the soil in order to raise something to preserve them from starvation, while the men are obliged to guard against southern invasion; and many are actually suffering from want. It is for the welfare of the country—for the benefit of those very beings that persecute them, that they sacrafice their happiness and their

lives. In their patriotism rests our hope of future prosperity. Were they to flee, destruction and anarchy would follow in their footsteps. May the motto, "God armeth the patriot," be enstamped upon their banner, and it is to be hoped that a Bruce will yet rise in Kansas and restore peace to her citizens.

Two or three of the leading pro-slavery men of this town, have declared themselves Republicans. They say that they have seen enough of the evils of slavery. This is glorious news; an act of which they have no reason to be ashamed! May truth and justice speed them in the right; and our prayer is, that others may go and do likewise. What need is there of ficticious writings? There is reality enough in slavery to affect the sympathy of the hardest hearts, unless they are wilfully blinded.

Mr. John Spear, (editor of the Kansas Tribune) has lately returned from Kansas. He delivered a speech here a few evenings since, in which he gave quite a history of the wrongs of that Territory; and being an eye-witness, also confirming the statement of others. At the time that Lawrence was destroyed, he was obliged to escape in defence of his life. He said that the last he saw of his house, it was surrounded by about 30 of Uncle Sam's dragoons. He did not know what they wanted of him, but he was sure that he had never given them any just cause for violence.—It must have been a heart-rending grief to have parted with his family at that perilous time, and leave them to the mercy of the enemy. He has learned that his property was nearly all destroyed. A mob from Missouri had previously demolished his printing establishment. His family is now living near Lawrence. His wife thinks that it would be unsafe for him to return at present. He is now in Medina, where he formerly resided. He stated that the wife of Brown, who was murdered there, was now a maniac. And yet it is nothing to her? Let those who say that women have no business to meddle with politics, ask those heroines who have armed themselves with Sharp's rifles and revolvers; and have sworn to defend their fathers, husbands and brothers against southern tyrants; and they will tell them that it is time that women had a voice in forming laws in which they are bound to participate—laws by which they must of necessity abide, and they cannot evade them—We complain of a deficiency of Republican votes, when half of the white citizens are disfranchised, of whom nearly all would vote for freedom.

Yours for truth and righteousness,
MEDDLESOME KATE.
Spencer, Medina Co., O.

For The Lily.

## A FATHER'S PET.

BY JANI RANGER.

"Let her go," said the doting father of Alzina Davis, "a little excitement will benefit her health."

"I am fearful of the consequences, my love," responded Alzina's mother, "you are aware that the child is frail."

"Yes, but I am aware that she is beautiful, too. Alzina is my pride, she will be the most brilliant of all in the ball-room to night. I shan't consent to go without her.

Alzina celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of her birth on that evening. None were so charmingly beautiful. The flush of hectic made her cheek far more brilliant than when in health, as her little fairy like form glided superbly through the Masonic Hall, encircled with shining mirrors. The idolizing father smiled with exulting contempt upon all others that danced gaily in the sparkling brilliancy of the chandelier illumination.

Alzina bore off the palm to a charm. Rosetta, the belle of Edinburg, vanished like a dew-drop in the dazzling sunbeams, in her presence. Alzina's step was light and graceful—enchantingly so.—Charles Campbell would have fallen at her feet in adoration, but the fascination of her exquisite queenliness forbade the homage of his captivated passion. Strains of the harp toned in its sweetest notes, could not have sounded sweeter than the music of her voice.

Mr. Davis had prided himself upon her conquest on that birthday night, and money was as dust flying in the air. Nothing was too expensive for the celebration. Rich pearls were tastefully arranged in a profusion of shining ringlets that floated gracefully over her snowy white shoulders—and eyes, (if it could be,) shone far above the illustrious stars. A robe of blond and silver tinted, fell in rich folds around her perfect figure.

Oh! how sylph-like was Alzina on that evening. Admiring eyes gazed with enviable hope, eager that the fair creature might honor them with her hand in the giddy dance.

Alzina was proud, and no marvel that she was vain; but in the curve of a haughty lip, she passed the many by, unnoticed.

Thoughtlessly beautiful as is thy fair daughter, she is one of earth s fragile flowers.

The hour of gaiety was past. The sun arose in its wonted beauty on the ensuing morn; but Alzina's sun of life was fast setting. The physician was summoned, but he brought no relief. "A little excitement will benefit her health," reproachfully rang in the mind of the frantic father. Ah! the struggle with the last enemy! Hemorrhage is draining the warm life-blood from her veins, and the pale lips are parted to ask "if it is death."

"Oh! my child forgive, oh forgive—pride and vanity has murdered my darling," said the distracted father.

"Mother, sweet mother," said she, as the little hand falls upon the burning brow of the weeping mother, as she knelt at her bedside to pray.

Turn from that struggle of death—it is too appalling. "I won't die, no!" The eye that looked so gaily out the previous evening, with scorn, is bursting from its socket. Oh what a scene! The King of Terro s has slain his foe, and Alzina has lost the organ of vision. Yield, yield, the heaving bosom sternly demands of the breath that buffets with its foe. Alas! the spirit has gone to the God that gave it.

Mother, sweet mother—no reproach may annoy thy peace. You have done what you could; but a father may remember that his child never listened to his voice in holy tones of prayer.

### Woman Should be Independent.

The liberal feelings entertained at the present time by thinking minds, in reference to woman's education and industrial occupations, has caused many to tremble for the safety and welfare of the domestic hearth, and the question has been seriously asked, will not ambition, fame, or the love of gain, draw woman forth from the sweet retirement and sacred joys of home, were the avenues of learning and labor freely thrown open to her? But we say no. True and high moral cultivation will lead woman to a higher appreciation of her duties as wife and mother—will warm into life all the high and noble powers of mind, giving a stronger and more enduring influence.

How much more capable of importing instruction and guarding the imperishable gem—the soul immortal—is the intelligent, cultivated maternal guardian, than the ignorant or uneducated one? But we would ask for woman equal educational advantage with man, to fully prepare her for the various duties and responsibilities of life, that she, too, may be an independent being: that she may have some other object in view besides securing a husband, on whom she may rely for a home and support; that marriage may no longer be resorted to for this ostensible purpose, thus desecrating the holy altar that should be sacred to those bonds of true love and strong affection that bind true hearts in sweet union together. We would not that woman should engage in all the pursuits that man does, but while we see the widowed mother toiling from early dawn far into the gloom of the midnight hours, to earn the scanty subsistence to keep herself and little ones from starving; and while we see youth, beauty, the fire of genius and talent die, crushed out by poverty, and the iron-souled oppressor who doles out grudgingly the few pence or shillings which has been so hardly earned; it is when we see woman stitching out her very life-blood for a mere pittance, a bare crust, scarcely sufficient to keep soul and body together, while her employer is amassing wealth—filling his coffers with silver and gold on her low wages—that we see the necessity of woman's entering into many of the employments hitherto monopolized by the other sex, so that if left a widow, or choosing to remain unmarried, she may have the means of obtaining a living by her own efforts and industry, independent of husband, father or brother. Not that we would have woman desert or neglect her home or children, if she have sacred and enduring heart ties, to enter any pursuit; if she have a home, she can have no higher duty than to guard it with her warm love—there should her holiest affections ever entwine. But how often do we see it the case that she who has clung to her husband like the graceful vine to the firm oak for support—whose every want and wish has been gratified, suddenly bereft of his counsel and support, and her helpless orphans, the jewels of her heart, dependent on her exertions for her daily bread. It is for such emergencies as these, from which none are exempt, thaf we wish woman to be prepared; that she shall be able to brave the fearful storms of life, should they beat upon her frail bark, and not only be able to care, think and feel for herself, but to labor and live independently of the misfortunes of this life.
—*Woman's Department Indiana Farmer.*

### Smart Children.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* thus discourses on the practice of trying to stick "book larnin'" in the heads of children while they are yet "babies:"

"How I have heard you, Eusebius, pity the poor children! I remember you looking at a group of them, and reflecting, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and turning away thoughtfully and saying, "Of such is the kingdom of trade!" A child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight! It is too often the death-warrant, such as the condemned stupidity looks at—fatal, beyond his comprehension. What should a child three years old—nay, five or six years old—be taught? Strong meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes. I would say to every parent, especially every mother, sing to your children; tell them pleasant stories; if in the conntry, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and in children's out-of-door play, soils them not inwardly. There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures; by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes. Let children have a free, open air sport, and fear not, though they make acquaintance with the pigs, the donkeys, and chickens—they may form worse friendships with wiser-looking ones; encourage a familiarity with all that love to court them—dumb animals love children, and children love them. There is a language among them which them world's language obliterates in the elders. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving, than that you should make them wise, that is, book-wise. Above all things, make them loving; then will they be gentle and obedient; then, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children lovingly at your knees, will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go."

**Pecuniary Independence of Wives.**

In all ordinary cases, the income of the wife must necessarily come from the husband in some form; and therefore she must in one sense be dependent upon him, but it is not at all necessary that she should be made to always feel this dependence, as most wives now do.

The husband never having been placed in similar circumstances, cannot understand how galling it is to a wife to be expected to tell just what she needs, and how "badly" she needs it, to convince him that she is not extravagant; yet we think most wives would tell the same story, even after the practice of years, and though enjoying the full confidence of their husbands.

We are convinced that more heart bitterness, alienations and bickerings arise between husband and wife from this source than almost any other, and moreover it occasions more temptations to duplicity and concealment than almost any thing else; especially when it is difficult, as it often is, to get enough "pin money" for the numberless little things pertaining to the wardrobe, of which men can be no judges.

One husband remarked, half jestingly, half complainingly, that "he paid his wife enough dimes and quarters for hive syrup and paregoric for the children, to dress them all like queens," or words to this effect. He did not seem at all aware that he was educating his wife in deception; that his habit of saying, "oh, you don't need it," or "there's a quarter, that is all I can spare," or "I can't afford it," has led her into this practice to supply what to *her* were real necessaries.

Some wives would doubtless be extravagant if they had money by them, (though we are sure they would not purchase so hurtful a "luxury" as tobacco,) yet a little practice, with the aid of their husbands, and the knowledge that they were trusted, would make them careful and economical, we think; and most wives, we are sure, feel an equal interest with their husbands in laying something by for future need. A truly worthy, noble husband will not degrade his wife to the rank of a dependent or a beggar, but will wish her to be independent, for this is always ennobling.

Now do not understand us an advocate for separate interests of husband and wife, for we are not. We greatly desire that all the property should be considered *ours*, not mine or thine; we only rsk that the wife have the control of her *personal* expenditures. Let her income for this be a fixed sum, that she can spend as she pleases; if she performs her duty well, she as truly earns it as her husband does—let it be paid in quarterly or semi-annual payments, in advance whenever practicable, and we think it could be just as well, in nearly all cases, if the husband chooses.

We are sure the wives will second our suggestions, and make an effort for their own independence; and if any husbands are not convinced that this is the best way, urge them to let you try the experiment, and see if it is not pleasanter for all, and equally economical, besides giving you the luxury of self-denial for benevolent purposes, when you wish. And when you commence to practice upon the suggestions we have offered, get a small account book, and begin by keeping your accounts accurately, putting all moneys, orders, &c., received in one part of the book, and every expenditure, however small, in another; then compare them frequently, and it will aid you in being economical, be nseful for reference, and be a tangible proof to your husband that you are worthy of all confidence.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

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Which is the Weaker Sex?—A question of some significance is asked by a writer in the Pictorial Times, viz: "Which is the weaker sex?" The question is answered by the same writer, as follows:

"Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments and incase the whole body in a stout overcoat, to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulder bare, or nearly so, say they are comfortable! When men wear water-proof boots over woolen hose and incase the whole in India-rubber, to keep them from freezing, women wear thin hose, and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold! When men cover their heads with furs and then complain of the severity of the weather, women hang an apology for a bonnet at the back of their heads, and ride or walk about in the northeast winds, professing not to suffer at all."

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**Poor Boy's Soliloquy.**

"Fifteen years old—let me see—six years before I am twenty-one. Oh! long years, will you ever end?

How I long to do something, be somebody. After all, I am more of a man than my father, for I would not willingly stoop to the groveling things he seems to love.

And here I have to stand, day after day, dealing out liquor by the gill and by the pint, with society that I can scarcely endure. How disgusting it is to have the customers slapping me on the back, talking their coarse slang, and cursing and swearing.

When Father is in the shop, I have to go and carry swill. I abominate it—I would not so much care for the thing itself, if I could only hold up my head in doing it.

I have'nt been to school this six months, and when I do go, I may as well stay at home, for the classes are all ahead of me, and the boys will ask me how much brandy is a glass, and whether swill is up in the market. I can't stand it.

Would it have been so if my mother had lived? Oh! what a thing it must be for a boy to have a good mother. I believe that I should be stronger if I could remember her looks, or one of the tender words she used to speak in my babyhood.

Well it shan't always be so. Six years are long to look forward to, but the time will come when I shall be my own master—then I will make up, somehow, for my loss of schooling. My Father is effectually making me hate the liquor business. I must go on for the present, but the change will sometime come."

Right! noble boy. The time *will* come. Let that thought be thy star of hope along thy benighted way. These six coming, tedious years will, by the help of God, be the preparation and precursor of a happy and an honorable life-time.

Bear thee up, brave boy! with thy strong heart and true, and the "Lord shall give hi angels charge concerning thee." Daisy Dell.

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Early Rising.—The famous philosopher, the eeally great Czar Peter, of Russia, always rose two hourse day: and when he saw the morning break would express his wonder that any man should be so stupid as not to rise every morning to behold one of most glorious sights in the universe. "Men take delight," said he, "in gazing on a picture, the trifling work of a mortal, and at the time neglect one painted by the Diety himself. For my part," continued he, "I am for making my life as long as I can, and therefore sleep as little as possible."

**A Beautiful Thought.**

It was night, Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills, as the child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber.

But a dark night was now abroad upon the earth. A mortal darkness involved the nations in its benighted shades. Reason shed a faint glimmer o'er the minds of men, like the cold inefficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relations to heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period two forms of the etherial mould hovered over the land of God's people. They seemed like sister angels sent to earth on some embassy of love. The one was of majestic stature, and in the well formed limbs which her shodowy drapery hardly concealed, in her erect beaaing and steady eye exhibiting the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm was extended in an impressive gesture upwards, where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavillion, while on her left reposed her delicate companion, in form and countenance the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like a flower moistened by refreshing dews, and her bright, but troubled eye, scanned the air with ardent and varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashing out from the heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting songs the asconding star uf Bethlehem.

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Words of Kindness.—Let thy words be words of kindness and love; let kindness beam on thy countenance, and smile in every look. Friends will cluster around thee, and their pleasant greeting and smiles of welcome will make the most delicious music in thy soul. Speak gently, sunshine will stream around thy path and shed a halo of light around thy head; fresh flowers will spring up and cluster around thy footsteps and perfume the air with their delightful fragrance. Speak gently; and though clouds may arise and shadows play around, their shade will only give to them a gilding which gloom can never hide.

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Envy.—The boy upon foot cannot bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out, "Whip behind!" in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger-on more fortunate than ourselves, knocked from his perch.

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positive faults, he will be revered in history for his services in promotion of these measures.

This subject of the rights of married women over property acquired by them previous or subsequent to marriage, is attracting considerable attention at this moment in England.—In the House of Commons, Sir Erskine Perry has framed a series of resolutions embracing the whole matter, which the protracted debate on the Kars surrender has hitherto prevented him from calling up. They ask the House to agree to the three following propositions:

1. That the rule of the Common Law which gives, on marriage, all the personal property of a woman, and all her subsequently acquired property to her husband, is unjust in principle, and injurious in its operation.

2. That the principles of the Courts of Equity which recognize the separate property in a married woman, and give her all the rights of ownership in such property, are much more just.

3. That in the opinion of the House, the principles of equity ought to be adopted as the basis of a general law of property with regard to married women.

There is some grumbling and consternation among the sticklers for the marital rights of the husband at this innovation upon the principles of the common law; but public feeling is strongly in favor of the movement. and it will, doubtless, be carried safely through.—Practically, the rights of married women are already recognised, to some extent, by marriage settlements: and it is to establish the principle more fully, and to diminish the cost of enjoying it, that these resolutions have been introduced. The cumbrous machinery of settlements and trusts is too expensive to be enjoyed by many, while the benefits which they derive from it are deemed too important to be denied to the whole community.—*Evening Post.*

### The Manners of the Mother Mould the Child.

There is no disputing this fact; it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, bawling, striding, shaking, scolding woman, will have coarse, vicious, bawling, fighting children. She, who cries on every occasion, "I'll box your ears"—"I'll slap your jaws"—"I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through her children as if her unwomanly manners were openly displayed in the public streets.

These remarks were suggested by the conversation in an omnibus—that noble institution for the student of men and manners—between a friend and a schoolmaster. Our teacher was caustic, mirthful, and sharp.—His wit flashed like the polished edge of a diamond, and kept the buss "in a roar." The The entire community of insiders—and whoever is intimate with these conveyances can form a pretty good idea of our numbers—inclusive of the "one more" so well known to the fraternity, turned their heads, eyes and ears one way, and finally our teacher said, "I can always tell the mother by the boy.—The urchin who draws back with doubled fists, and lunges at his playmate if he looks at him askance, has a very questionable mother. She may feed him and clothe him—cram him with sweetmeats and coax him with promises, but if she gets mad, she fights.—She will pull him by the jacket—she will give him a knock in the back; she will drag him by the hair—she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her red face in lambent flames that curl and writhe out at the corners of her eyes."

And we never see the courteous little fellow with smooth locks and gentle manner—in whom delicacy does not detract from courage or manliness, but we say, "that boy's mother is a true lady. Her words and her ways are soft, loving and quiet. If she reproves, her language is "my son"—not "you little wretch"—you plague of my life!"—you torment; you scamp!"

She hovers before him as the pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face. To him the word of mother is synonomous with everything pure, sweet and beautiful. Is he an artist?—in after life, the face that with a holy radiance shines on his canvas, will be the mother-face. Whoever flits across his path with sunny smiles and soft, low voice, will bring "mother's" image freshly to his heart. "She is like my mother," will be the highest meed of his praise. Not even when the hair turns silver, and the eye brows dim will the majesty of that life and presence desert him.

But the ruffian mother—alas! that there are such, will form the ruffian character of the man. He in his turn will become a merciless tyrant, with a tongue sharper than a two-edged sword, and remembering the brawling and the cuffing, seek some meek, gentle victim for the sacrifice, and makes her his wife with the condition that he shall be master.—And master he is for a few sad years when he wears a widower's weed till he finds victim number two.

We wonder not that there are so many awkward, ungainly men in society—they have all been trained by women who knew not nor cared for the holy nature of their trust. They have been made bitter to the heart's core, and that bitterness will find vent and lodgment somewhere. Strike the infant in anger, and he will, if he cannot reach you, vent his passion by beating the floor, the chair or any inanimate thing within reach. Strike him repeatedly and by the time he wears shoes he will have become a little bully with hands that double for fight as naturally as if especial pains had been taken to teach him the art of boxing.

Mothers, remember that your manners mould the child.

### The Judges of England on Temperance.

The Judges of England are waking up to the evils resulting from the liquor traffic. The following impressive passage is from a charge of the Grand Jury, by the Recorder of Hull—Sumuel Warren, Esq. The gentleman is more widely known as the author of "Ten Thousand a Year."

"Intemperance and ignorance were (he urged) two mighty evils." He continued as follows: "Would that a holy crusade could be set on foot—a national movemont—against these two inveterate and deadly foes of mankind! I was never head to speak a syllable with levity or disrespect to the temperance movement, as it is called: for to me the srght of a man, especially in humble life, who voluntarily abstains from a pleasure and excitement, which he found led him astray from virtue, peace and happiness, is very noble and affecting, as an act of self-denial, which must be acceptable to Almighty God. Gentlemen, to the best of my belief, no temperance man ever stood at the bar, to receive judgment from this seat, in my times at least; while I tremble to express my belief, that seven out of every ten who have done so, have been brought there by intoxicating liquor; I have talked with them afterwards in prison, and they have owned it with tears of agony."

### The Book of Thanks.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, that I really must——"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No, look over my book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book, nearly full of writing, in a round-text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark—then read aloud: "*March* 8. *Ben lent me his new hat.* Here again: *June* 4. *When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly.* Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good fellow, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder, with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that ever are shown me; you would wonder how many there are; I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not ungrateful, and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good humored again, if I only look over my book."

"I wonder what sort of things you put down," said Cecilia; "let me glance over a page."

"Mrs. Wade asked me to spend the whole day at her house, and made me very happy indeed.

"Mrs. Page gave me five shillings.

"Old Martha Page asked after me every day when I was ill."

"Why do you put father and mother at the top of every page?" asked Cecilia.

"Oh, they show me so much kindness that I cannot put it all down, so I just write their names, to remind myself of my great debt of love. I know that I never can pay it! And see what I have put at the beginning of my book: "*Every good gift is from above*"—this is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have, were given to me by the Lord, and that while I am grateful to them, I should first of all be thankful to Him."

We commend the above, which we clip from "The Organ," a New York Temperance paper, to all, and particularly to those who allow in their consideration of acquaintances, one error to over balance many good qualities—one injury, it may be unintentional, to outweigh scores of kind acts. We are so much more prone to punish than reward—we are not enough magnetic towards good. What ever we think the most about, we encourage; therefore, in the suppression of evil, it can be more effectually done by encouraging the good.

☞ One of our exchanges has the following:

Beware of a woman who worships dress. In nine cases out of ten such a woman is without a single redeeming qualification.—Dressy people are generally those who lack brains and education, and cheat themselves in the belief that would, in admitting their gewgaws, forgets that their hearts are untenanted by a single womanly emotion. A man who is attracted by her dress is undeserving of the name, and is a dear bargain even to the fool who entraps him. Young ladies who expect to catch a husband by means of flounced skirts and Mechlin collars, should try the virtue of amiability and conscientiousness before their folly consigns them to the ranks of spinsterdom.